Hill Loftis Kills Three Texas Rangers and Becomes a Wanderer With a Price on His Head—His Romantic Warriage

His Last Thrilling Adventure. The idea that the Wild West is a thing of the past is somewhat misleading, as the following true story will show, says a Fort Worth correspondent of the Pittsburg

About twelve years ago there lived in Texas, in the Wichita Falls country, a ighly respectable family of the name of Loftis. This family was engaged in the cattle business, as were most of the wealthy families of that country. The Loftis family included two boys, Jerome and Hill, who, following the regular occupation of that country, cattle raising, were necessarily reared on the back of the Texas pony, and consequently became very expert horsemen. They were accusomed to the use of the rifle and grew up as most boys do who are raised on the frontier. The boys were considered very good, amiable and companionable. They were what could be called popular, promising young fellows.

About this time Joe Beckum was Sheriff of Motley county. He was a close friend of the Loftis family and a companion of the two boys, although considerably older While Joe Beckum was Sheriff trouble rose between him and John Cook. A fight ensued, in which Cook was killed and Beckum became a fugitive from jus-

At the time Beckum was dodging officers, Hill Loftis, then a boy of nineteen, was working for Dan Wagoner, the cattle king, staying at a line camp just over the edge in the Indian Territory. Beckum drifted over to where Hill was keeping the camp and was stopping there when they secured whiskey and got on a "tear." They went ever to a little country store, appropriated tobacco, cartridges, &c., and rode off.

This is robbery in the eyes of the law, but it is no uncommon thing in the extreme West for the cowboys to get on a drunk, shoot up the town and do considerable damage and also take such things as they want. But when they sober up the custom is to go back and make everything "right," paying well for all damages or anything that they may have takenin other words, to right all wrongs. A cowboy that will not do this is not considered respectable among his associates.

In this case, however, no time was given for reparation, as the storekeeper had recognized Joe Beckum, on whose head was a

for reparation, as the storekeeper had recognized Joe Beckum, on whose head was a price large enough, could he secure it, to pay for his entire stock of goods. Consequently he at once informed the Texas Rangers, who happened to be in the locality, of the whereabouts of Beckum.

When the Rangers learned that Joe Beckum was close at hand they started at once to take him "dead or alive," and rode up near the line camp where Beckum and Loftis were. The camp was a one room dugout. Beckum and Loftis sighted the Rangers, six in number, when they were 300 to 500 yards away, and motioned them off; but Texas Rangers are not the class of officers that stop to parley, so, sticking the steel into their horses, they started for the camp, and for five minutes there was "something doing" every second.

When the firing ceased Beckum lay dead at Loftis's feet, but the Rangers had paid dearly for their victory, for scattered in front of the camp were six dead horses and three dead Rangers. The three remaining Rangers were hidden behind the carcasses of the dead horses, and Hill Loftis, standing behind the clirt thrown out of the dugout, his head and shoulders above the earth, a deadly Winchester pressed to his shoulder, was waiting for a Ranger to show his head above the dead horses. At this stage of the fight a truce was entered into and a compromise made. The Rangers agreed to leave. Loftis agreed to let them go, and thus ended the fight that made Hill Loftis an outlaw and a man that has been hunted down by officers like a wild beast of the forest for eleven long years. cers like a wild beast of the forest for eleven long years.

When the Rangers left young Loftis

carried become into the camp and laid him on the bed, saddled his horse and rode off to the northwest into the State of Colorado, and for the succeeding nine or ten years he worked on many of the large carried Beckum into the camp and lake ten years he worked on many of the targe ranches in Colorado, Wyoming and Mon-tana, going under various names, and be-ing hunted continuously by the Texas officers, but eluding them from time to time and moving on to some other part of the country.

the country.

In the southwest of Yokum country is located the cattle ranch of Hie Ellingwood, around which the following events occurred. Mr. Ellingwood was born and raised in the vicinity of Noblesville, Ind., but has spent all of his active life along the Western frontier. About a year ago Jerome Loftis came southwest from the Matador country and started a small cattle ranch just south of the Ellingwood place, and soon after this Tom Ross started a small ranch near Loftis. He had about 150 head of extra fine white faced cattle, and soon grew to be very prosperous. He was about 30 years old and an extra good cow hand. He had no trouble in securing work, for his honest ways soon gained the friendship of the cattlemen and cowboys in the country. His manly bearing and pleasant manner. of the cattlemen and cowboys in the country. His manly bearing and pleasant manner soon won for him a higher prize—the love and affections of Miss Hardin, an accomplished young lady of eighteen, who lived near by; and some time during last holiday season they rode over to Gomez, thirty-five miles to the northwest, in company with some of their most intimate friends, and were made man and wife in true frontier style.

It is said that Ross's best man forgot to pull off his spurs during the wedding ceremony, but that had nothing to do with the happiness of the newly married people

ceremony, but that had nothing to do with the happiness of the newly married people or the pleasant entertainment of the wedding party. Mr. Ross and his wife received a check for \$1,000 from the bride's father, and they were started off in married life with bright prospects.

The newly married people lived very pleasantly until the fore part of last June. At that time His Ellingwood had sold a herd of cattle to Jim Campbell of Ashland, Kan., and the cattle were to be to last north to Bovina, on the Peoos Vafley Railroad, where they were to be loaded on the train. Tom Ross came over and wanted some of his cattle to go in the bunch, to which Mr. Campbell agreed all right, so Ross commenced working with the Ellingwood outfit, and in a few days the herd was got together and started for Bovina. The second day out, as the herd was being watered at the Purcell Windmills, in the Jay Cross (J—X) range, owned by J. T. McElroy, about noon, Sheriff Charles Toms of Stanton, Tex., rode up to the herd in company with another gentleman, and inquired if Ross was with the herd. He was informed that he was. Ross was pointed out near by. All three rode out to where Ross was. Sheriff Toms said: "Mr. Ross, let me introduce you to Mr. Rogers." Rogers reached his left hand out as if to shake hands, but with his right reached quickly behind him, drew a six-shooter and levelled it at Ross's heart, saying: "Consider yourself under arrest, Hill Loftis, alias Tom Ross. I am Capt. Rogers of the Texas Rangers." The name of Capt. Rogers bad struck terror to the heart of many a bad man and despersado, but not so this time. He was looking into the smilling face of a man that was just as cool and

ing: "Consider yourself under arrest, this Loftis, alias Tom Ross. I am Capt. Rogers of the Texas Rangers." The name of Capt. Rogers had struck terror to the heart of many a bad man and desperado, but not so this time. He was looking into the smiling face of a man that was just as cool and composed as he was himself.

Ross never ceased his good natured smile, or changed a single muscle of his face, and his extremely cool demeanor seemed to surprise every one present. Any one looking at him would have felt sure there was a mistake about his arrest. Capt. Rogers had scarcely stopped speaking when Ross, quick as a flash of lightning, when Ross, quick as a flash of lightning, when Ross, quick as a flash of lightning when Ross, suick as a flash of lightning where whimself out of the range of the Captain's six-shooter, and stuck the steel deep into his horse's side. The horse responded instantly and leaped forward on a run, but simultaneously with the first leap of the

horse came the reports of two six-shooters, one shot from Capt. Rogers and one from Sheriff Toms, and two bullets flew dangerously near the head of Loftis. Ross was not losing any time getting his horse under full speed. Capt. Rogers was immediately in hot pursuit. The Captain was only a jump behind, and every few jumps was shooting at Ross. The race continued for several hundred yards, until Rogers had fired the last shot from his six-shooter and Ross was then several leaps ahead. There was only one thing that kept Rogers from killing Ross the second or third shot, and this was the fact that the race lay along the hillside and over some deep cow trails that had been washed out and made the ground very rough to ride over. The ground very rough to ride over. The Captain, seeing that Loftis was gaining on him rapidly, decided it was useless to follow

him rapidly, decided it was useless to follow him.

When the Captain had arrived at the Ellingwood ranch he found that his own horse was very much jaded, and had to get a fresh horse there. Consequently, he was not familar with the one he was riding, but, had he known it, he was riding a much better horse than was Ross just at the time, and in a three to five mile race the Captain's horse would have easily outwinded the one that Ross was riding; but the fates seemed to have favored Ross again, and he rode over the hill some two miles to the east and was lost to sight. Capt. Rogers and Sheriff Toms went to the chuck wagons, just north of the wind-mills, and got their dinner and rested their horses for two hours or more.

In the meantime Loftis, alias Ross, had ridden east, and going into the house found no one at home. What he did find pleased him with he was a so

their horses for two hours or more.

In the meantime Loftis, alias Ross, had ridden east, and going into the house found no one at home. What he did find pleased him much better—it was a 30-30 Winchester rifle, which he took, mounted his horse and rode back to the herd that was grazing some little distance from the chuck wagon. He rode to the herd, chatted pleasantly with the boys and said that the Captain and Sheriff had opened up the ball, but he intended to be present when it closed. Going out to where the "horse wrangler" was grazing the horses not in use, he roped his favorite, "Nig"—a fine black horse with a white face, one of the fleetest footed and best winded horses in that country. He mounted his fresh horse and turned his tired one loose in the herd. Then, riding around a sand ridge, he posted himself directly between the chuck wagons and the windmills, knowing that the Captain and the Sheriff would go to the windmills to get a fresh wood ranch.

In the meantime, the Captain and the Sheriff having eaten and rested mounted the Sheriff having eaten and rested mounted.

In the meantime, the Captain and the Sheriff, having eaten and rested, mounted their horses and started for the windmills, thinking, of course, that Loftis was still sticking the steel into his tired horse some twenty miles away and looking back every few minutes to see if he was being followed by the officers of the law. As they rode over the sand ridge, Loftis arose, some thirty feet away, Winchester in hand. Toms saw him first, and cried out: "My God! Look, there's Loftis." The Captain caught sight of Loftis just as he was leveling his Winchester at him. He jerked his horse's head up just as Loftis pulled the trigger, and at the crack of the Winchester the horse reared high in the air and gave a powerful jump, which threw Rogers off backward, and before he had time to pull a weapon Loftis ran forward and raised his Winchester to give him a finishing shot if it seemed necessary. the meantime, the Captain and the

his Winchester to give him a miniming show if it seemed necessary.

When Capt. Rogers got the next look at a 30-30 Winchester, and with about three seconds of life left, so far as could be seen, unless he did something and did it quickly,

seconds of life left, so far as could be seen, unless he did something and did it quickly, he did what any sensible man would have done under the circumstances. He threw both his hands and feet high in the air and yelled: "For God's sake, don't shoot me any more!"

"I ought to kill you," said Loftis. "You tried to kill me when I didn't have so much as a pocket knife to defend myself with."

Capt. Rogers kept insisting that he was already shot through the body, and that it would probably prove fatal. So Ross took his six-shooter, cartridges and cartridge belt away from him, also the warrant and letters referring to the proposed arrest, and said: "Turn over, you d—d land terrapin, and let me see where your are shot." Rogers turned over, but no blood was found on the ground, and on further examination it was found that the ball had not hit him at all, but he was simply stunned and numbed from his hard fall on the ground, and that the ball had shattered the lower right jawbone of the horse, and been deflected.

Sheriff Toms was getting away as fast as possible. When Loftis shot at Capt. Rogers the Sheriff jumped off his horse and started off on a run, and when Loftis had finished disarming Capt. Rogers Toms was seen some distance away. Loftis called for him to come back, but he evi-

Toms was seen some distance away. Loftis called for him to come back, but he evidently did not hear, as he kept going. So Loftis leaped on "Nig" and loped down to dently did not hear, as he kept going. So Loftis leaped on "Nig" and loped down to where he was and asked for his six-shooter. Toms said he had lost it. Loftis, lowering his 30-30, told him that it was about time he found it. Toms went back and picked up his six-shooter, where he had thrown it away, and gave it to Loftis, also his cartridge belt, and both parties went down to the windmills to get a drink and sat down on the Bermuda grass on the bank and talked the matter over. Capt. Rogers told Loftis that the six-shooter that had been taken from him was a present to him by the company, and that he would like very much to have it back. It was a 45 Colt with a pearl handle, with an inscription engraved on the handle, stating that it had been presented to the Captain by his company.

When the Captain and the Sheriff got When the Captain and the Sheriff got ready to start back to the Ellingwood ranch Loftis walked out and hung the empty six-shooters and cartridge belt of each of the officers over his saddle horn, and with the empty firearms and no cartridges to fill them the defeated officers started back to the Ellingwood ranch to stay for the night. Loftis bade those present farewell, rode around the herd and said good-by to the other boys and then went away to be hunted in the future as in the past, but perhaps to be sought more closely and hunted with more determination.

A number of Texas Rangers have gone into that country to hunt down Loftis,

into that country to hunt down Loftis, but inasmuch as Loftis spared the life of capt. Rogers, the Captain thinks it best not to hunt Loftis personally, as he couldn't shoot him with very good grace.

Little Girls' Hard Lot in China.

From Good Housekeeping. After the marriage, girls have no part with their own family, and no part in the worship of their ancestors. To have no on means no ancestral worship, and the girl is often sold as a daughter-in-law. Po cople buy their sons' wives when they are Mexican dollars, about one dollar seventy-five cents in our money. These little ones are usually drudges in the mother-in-law's household.

usually drudges in the mother-in-law s house-hold.

A missionary tells this story. She heard two women conversing in her house-one the mother of five sons and the wife of the leading scholar in Kuangwang. One said: "I am going to get my daughter-in-law into the house; you see a daughter-in-law is no more expense than a servant; if I curse or beat a servant she leaves, but you can beat a daughter-in-law and get obedience and your work will be done as you wish it." The other replied: "Just so, Just so, I am thinking of getting a daughter-in-law, too. I can then live at ease." As a consequence of this custom, little girls look forward not to betrothal nor to marriage, but to becoming mothers-in-law, when they in turn can have authority.

Passing of Famous Parisian Restaurants.

From the Washington Post. "A good many of the famous and long established restaurants of Paris have gone out of business of late," said W. Wright an English gentleman who has lived many years at the French capital.

"These were generally resorts where the

AFTER BIG GAME IN ARIZONA.

BEAR AND PANTHER HUNT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

On the Track of a Brown Bear Through Canyons—Sheeting a Mountain Lion in the Early Morning—The Big Cat Returning for Its Prey Was Killed.

I have roamed a good deal over the mountains of southern Arizons, but have never seen there a grizzly bear; nor have I known one reliable man who claimed that he had, says John A. Spring in the Los Angeles Times. The cinnamon and the black bear, however, are very common nearly all the year around, and I believe that they hibernate in this region, if at all, for a very short period only. They live principally on berries during the summer, perhaps also on cactus fruit. Small game they can catch in plenty, and when hunger presses them very hard they will catch and devour a small calf or sheep from

the numberless herds grazing all over the

hills and in the shady mountain gorges. The most destructive quadruped, however, has been at all times the American (California) or mountain lion, called in the Eastern and Middle States panther. These large cats kill and devour many calves and colts, notwithstanding that quite frequently the mares, especially, defend their young with great courage and fury. I have seen, at the ranch of my Mexican brotherin-law, several mares that had been frightfully scratched and torn by mountain lions while defending their colts, and also several cows, half blinded and with torn ears and face, although the horned cattle, with better means of defence, do not fight for their offspring with the energy dis-

played by the mares. Near this ranch a mountain lion broke into the calf pen of a neighboring ranch during the night and killed, within a few minutes, five calves by biting through their jugular veins, and would probably have killed more if the noise caused by the commotion in the pen had not wakened

the rancher and brought him to the rescue. A premium of \$25 is paid by every county in the Territory for the scalp of a mountain lion, and several men follow their destruction as a means of livelihood. As this big oat never devours an animal completely at one meal, but hides it in the most ingenious manner, to return to it after a while, their destruction by poisoning their prey has been attempted frequently, but with in-different success, because the scent of this lion is incredibly acute, and he will this flon is increasing acute, and he was at once abandon his prey forever the moment he scents the touch of the human hand. Besides, if poisoned, he does not die at once, but upon feeling the pangs of approaching dissolution from the effects of the poison he will hide in a mountain gorge or cave inaccessible to man. The female mountain the page will set the wild cat will be as well as the wild cat will be tain lion, as well as the wild cat, will, before going on a hunting expedition, carefully hide her young, not infrequently
carrying them up a tree to deposit them
there in a depression made by the forks of

strong branches.
On the second day after our arrival at the ranch, when we had just settled down and finished a careful examination of all the firearms and ammunition on hand, the major dome or overseer of the place, who has full charge of the premises, reser-yoirs, herders and herds, and rides over at with his harders and herds, and rides over at least part of the range every day, reported fresh bear tracks leading into a canon half way up the mountain. We mounted immediately, taking with us a herder experienced in tracking, and a very strong though ill trained dog, supposed to be a cross between a wolf hound and a buildog. The major domo led the way, which soon entered the foothills, and then took us higher and higher toward the base of the mountains, where we crossed several canons rich in verdure.

After we had ascended to a height of about 2,500 feet above the house, the major domo showed us the tracks, and having urgent duties elsewhere, left us. The dog did not at first scent the tracks, which were, however, so plain that we could easily

did not at first scent the tracks, which were, however, so plain that we could easily follow them. They led into a deep cañon, widening in its ascent toward the mountainside. We followed the tracks for about two miles, until we arrived at a place where the sides of the cañon were easily accessible. The tracks here led to the right and upward accessible. to a level space about 200 yards wide, where we came to a smaller cafion, into which we descended, finding that thence the tracks we descended, mainty that thence the tracks again led upward toward and into the mountain. In a sandy place we found a spot hollowed out as by a large body that had lain there recently. Evidently the game we were after had rested here for some time, and probably left the place that morning.

The dog now showed interest in the chase, The dog now showed interest in the chase, after having sniffed all over the hollow in the sand, and took up the trail of his own volition. Fearing that he would start forward beyond our call, we tied him to a line held by our herder. The tracks were not quite fresh, and we diamounted, tying

line held by our herder. The tracks were not quite fresh, and we dismounted, tying our horses to a scrub oak.

This cafon was overgrown with many bushes, around which our way wended; many of them were junipers, and we could plainly observe where the bear had stopped to pluck some twigs to eat the herries. At length the dog gave tongue and made a bound forward. He was released, and shot forward like an arrow. Presently we heard a commotion ahead, accompanied by sundry growlings, and within a minute the dog returned to us, howling dismally, with a broken paw, lacerated ears and his face a mass of blood. His left side was nearly ripped open. At the same time there emerged from a clump of bushes about 100 yards in front of us a dark body, evidently a full grown cinnamon or brown bear.

Out of courtesy Mr. Charouleau urged me to take the first shot. The bear was in full retreat and offered to us his rear as a target. I took aim quickly while he traversed an open space between the undergrowth, and fired. We heard distinctly the thud of the bullet upon his hump, and saw him shake himself violently. But he did not stop. Neither did he look around. Then for a short time we lost sight of him, as he had entered a grove of mesquite trees with heavy undergrowth extending well up toward a ridge on our right; but we could at all times guess pretty closely where he was from the noise he made while forcing his way through the brush, and the rocks that came rolling down the side of the ridge. Soon he emerged from the thicket and stood for a moment in plain view, looking down toward us. While doing so he turned side-

his way through the brish, and the rocks that came rolling down the slide of the ridge. Soon he emerged from the thicket and stood for a moment in plain view, locking down toward us. While doing so he turned sideways and thus offered a plain, dark silhouette against the light gray rocks behind him. Charouleau's Winchester spoke.

The bullet entered behind the bear's left shoulder and went straight to the heart. The bear gave a leap upward, which brought him standing for a moment upon his hind legs. But for a moment only. Presently he fell over on his side and rolled down the steep declivity until stopped by the trunk of a juniper tree, where we found him dead. The distance traversed by Charoleau's bullet was not less than 250 yards. The bear was a fine male specimen of his race, although the skin might have been in better condition for a rug or buggy robe. My bullet had struck him in the thickest part of the right buttock, hence had failed to disable him.

During the following day we rested from our fatiguing trip and retired early. We slept upon cots in front of the house, under the porch, which ran along the whole front of the building. Toward midnight we were awakened by the clatter of hoofs. A rider approached and halted in front of the porch, calling loudly for Don Pedro. He was one of Mr. Charouleau's Mexican herders all of whom had orders to report forthwith all signs and tracks of large game observed while on their rounds.

This man stated that toward nightfall a lion had emerged from a mountain gorge above the spring and seized a fat young calf, with which he had run off into a wooded hollow. The moon had come up about that time; he had followed cautiously upon the course of the robber, had seen him bite the calf's throat through and devour part of the carcass, after which

he had carefully hidden it in a cavelike hollow, to which he (the herder) could easily guide us. He added that the lion would without doubt return to his prey for breakfast, and if we mounted quickly we should in all probability be able to reach the place in good time and kill the marauder. Such an opportunity could not be neglected. We saddled up at once and armed ourselves. The major domo, who had come in from the range during the evening and slept at the house, readily consented to accompany us. He and Don Pedro (Mr. Charouleau) armed themselves with Winchester rifies, while the herder and myself carried carbines; all had, of course, revolvers. The herder led us over hill and dale, in the fantastic moonlight, that accentuated every feature of the ground, for at least three hours, during which time our plans of approach and attack were thoroughly discussed.

About 3 A. M. we dismounted, descended into the dry bed of a mountain creek, and here secured our horses by tying them to scruboaks. Then we ascended the river bed, between boulders and alder trees, until we came to a sort of kettle shaped depression surrounded by a grove of cottonwood trees, that stood up high above the surrounding

came to a sort of kettle shaped depression surrounded by a grove of cottonwood trees, that stood up high above the surrounding dense bushes. In the middle of this kettle, half hidden by an overhanging boulder, there lay what appeared to be a heap of branches, twigs and leaves, surrounded by rocks scattered about in irregular groups. Although we could plainly see this heap by the light of the moon, which penetrated freely between the leafage of the trees, we failed to discover the dead calf or any other carcass. Our herder, however, pointing to the heap, said: "That is it; just wait."

just wait."

As he knew almost to a certainty from which direction the lion would come, he posted us in a semi-circle around the three available sides of the kettle (the fourth being obstructed by the boulder) at a distance of about seventy-five yards from the heap. It was not judged prudent to approach nearer to it, on account of the acute scent of the panther, and daylight was coming on apace. There was plenty of cover for each of us, so as to hide us completely.

completely.

Just at break of day the lion appeared. Just at break of day the lion appeared. He came down a gulch, descended on one side of the boulder and went straight at the heap. Here he looked all around him and sniffed the air. Would he scent us? My heart beat so that I seemed to hear it while I looked at the splendid, graceful big cat, standing in the full moonlight, motionless for a few moments with the exception of its curved tail, which was gently swaying from side to side. Presently he crouched down before the heap of twigs and began to uncover it; then he reached with his right forepaw deep into the carand began to uncover it; then he reached with his right forepaw deep into the carcass. At this moment the herder oried: "Fire!" We had all taken good aim and, as previously agreed, fired together, as one shot will bring a lion down only when the bullet reaches the spine or brain.

only when the bullet reaches the spine or brain.

The almost simultaneous report of our guns reverberated through the grove. We saw the lion make a high jump into the air and then fall heavily to the ground, where he twisted himself hither and thither in spasmodic motions for about two minutes, when he lay still. All cats die proverbially hard, and she herder, who had hunted these animals previously on different occasions, and who knew their tricks, would not allow us to approach the carcass until he had put a bullet through its skull from a distance of a few feet.

feet.

At this shot the apparently dead animal made one more heave, as if trying to rise, but fell back, when one more spaamodic stretching movement, and a visible shiver passing through his body, indicated that now he was dead, indeed. All four shots had hit their mark, two making fatal wounds, one breaking the backbone and one penetrating the heart. The animal was a full-grown male in the prime of life, measuring from muzzle to root of tail 5 feet and in height 3 feet at the shoulders.

MISCHIEVOUS WOOD RATS. Thieves That Steal Things for Which They Have No Use.

Wallis Nash in the Portland Oregonian "Neotoma Cinerea"—rather a frightening name for the merry little scamp crossbred between a monkey for mischief and a squirrel for gambolling, which turns night into day in the farmhouses in the hills.

If he would but behave himself, especially at night, 1, for one, would not lift stick to him in anger. He is a pretty, brown, large eyed, clean furred, fluffy tailed little fellow. He finds, does not make, the holes by which he climbs into your house. He has the funniest taste for amassing and hiding things, and at night he practises his gymnastics with his

Our farmhouse the other side of the Coast range is a two storied cedar built and shingle covered structure, 60 feet long, with an attic open the whole length of the building. The woodrats would pack an apple or two up between the double walls of the house, into the attic. Then, as you lay in bed, just be low, you could hear, or fancy you heard, the apple rolled to one end and the whole troop set in line for a start at the other, then at the word "go" off they went, helter skelter, over the sounding board of a floor, for the apple; then a chorus of squeakings, and try it all over again. I have fallen asleep many a time to that accompaniment. So long as they keep between the walls they are safe. Sometimes they found a big mouse hole out into the kitchen. That was too bold, and a general call was passed and a chivy of white skirted boys and men, from room to room, by lantern light, followed, with Mr. Woodrat an easy first, unless by ill luck he

got cornered, and that was an end of him.
Watches had to be taken to bed to be safe, but one morning we caught one robber making off with gold eyeglasses. In one hoard under the stairs in a neighbor's house were found a foot rule, a pair of opera glasses, pair of gloves, roll of lace, a screwdriver, a pair of silk stockings, some screws, a photograph with an apple or two. So was a Chinese boy saved from punishment on circumstantial evidence.

Another time we set out 200 cabbage plants in the garden in front of the house. In the morning we found 100 of them pulled up and piled in heaps at the ends of the long rows. Our Scotch ranch hand slept on a bed in a corner of the big upstairs dormitory. His tangled yellow hair was a great attraction to the woodrats. He told us they often woke him by stretching through the cracks in the cedar boards by his bed head and grabbing his hair for nest lining. At the ordinary trap they just laugh. But we caught several by setting the trap close to one of the floor beams in the attic, throwing a cloth loosely over it, and narrowing the race course at that point by a couple of boxes placed on either side of the trap. When the race came off the leading rat jumped the beam and plumped into the trap. Then rose a chorus

of squeala. Bishop Morris used to take a day or two trout fishing in the Tillamook country, and no mean fisherman is he, by the way. He hung his long-tailed coat on the wall in the hedroom, and dressed in his short coat went out to fish. Next day but one the Bishop dressed up and started homeward. A few miles on his journey and he felt in his pocket for a handkerchief. There was a ball of wool and hair and moss. Safely in the heart of it were coiled up six or seven tiny wood rats. Their mother evidently thought she could trust them to the care of the church.

SHIT Besomed Shirts Not in Favor. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

All the shirt manufacturers of the country are heavy losers on account of the latest whim of American shirt wearers, according to the statement of George B. Denman of Glens Falls, N. Y., who represents one of the large concerns. Mr. Denman says that in the last year and a half the stiff bosomed shirt has gone into decided disfavor. Large numbers of men who have never worn anything but stiff bosomed shirts now insist on having soft shirts for both winter and summer.

"It is utterly unaccountable," said Mr. Denman. "The stiff shirt is a businessifter garment. It wears well and looks well. But the men of the country will not have them any more. The result is that shirt makers have their business reduced to practically one season. It used to be that stiff shirts were sold for winter and soft shirts for summer, but it is so no longer. Of course there will always be a sale of stiff shirts, but it has become so limited with such suddenness that the makers have lost money." numbers of men who have never worn any.

The ALCOHOLIC CRAVING Overcome Within 48 Hours. No Detention from Business.

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The so-called moderate drinker destroys thought-power and produces brain-fag through continuous stimulation.

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CHALLENGES FOR SEAWANHAKA AND CANADA CUPS.

Osbkosh Yacht Club Will Try to Bring the Canada Trophy Across the Border -New Rule of Atlantic Club Works Well-Many New Boats Planned.

If Sir Thomas Lipton arranges another match for the America's Cup, to be sailed next season, there will be three international matches in which yachtsmen of this country will be interested. The Oshkosh Yacht Club has challenged the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for a race for the Seawanhaka Challenge Cup for small boats. The Canadians have held this trophy, which was offered by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, for nine years, and are anxious that the next series of races should be with an English boat. So far no English club has challenged, and it looks as though the Canadians would again have to meet an American boat next year.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club has challenged the Rochester Yacht Club for a race for the Canada Cup. A committee representing the challenging club visited Rochester last week and conferred with the local yachtsmen. The terms of the race were soon arranged, as each side was anxious for another contest. The last series of races was sailed last year, and the Irondequoit, built from designs by William Gardner, defeated the Strathcons, designed by A. E. Payne of Southampton, England. These boats were 40 feet on the water line, and the committee agreed that 40-footers were too expensive, so it was decided that next year's class should be 30-footers. It is probable that both sides will have three or four of these boats built and select the best

for the international races. The races are to begin on Aug. 12 and will be sailed on Lake Ontario off Charlotte. The match will be three out of five races. The first, third and fifth races will be over triangular courses. These courses will be rree miles to each leg and will be sailed ever twice. One leg, the first if possible, will be to windward. The second and fourth races will be to windward or leeward and return, each leg being four miles, and it will be sailed twice over. The races are to be started at 11 o'clock each day and the time limit is five and a half hours. No race will be started later than 1 o'clock. The yachts are to be of wooden construction and built in accordance with the scantling rules of the Yacht Racing Association of the Great Lakes. W. P. Stephens of Bayonne is the referee on construction. Each club will select one of the judges, and these two will select the third. The judges are to form the regatta committee.

This cup has always been won by the challenging yacht, and the Rochester Yacht Club will make great efforts to break this record and keep the trophy in this country.

The racing down the Bay this year has been remarkably good, and several new boats have competed for the prizes offered by the Atlantic and other clubs. They have raced under the new rules of measurement which were adopted last winter. These rules are very similar to those of the New York Yacht Club, but differ slightly in the way the length is taken. The Atlantic Club, however, in figuring time allowance only figures on 60 per cent. of the theoretical allowance, while the New York Yacht Club figures on 80 per cent. The Atlantic rule has worked out well. All the races have been very closely contested, and in many of them seconds only have separated the leading yachts. In the New York Yacht Club the 80 per cent. allowance has been too much, and the smaller boats have received too great an allowance to make the contests fair. In strong winds the 80 per cent, allowance works out all right, but the average weather in these waters makes the rule work to a disadvantage to the larger boat. It is very probable that some slight change will be made this winter to put large and small boats on more even

The outlook for building this winter is very good. Several plans are now being made for men who are wanting boats for next season's sport. Two big schooners fitted with auxiliary engines are to be built and the plans are now being prepared. Other yachtsmen are looking for small motor boats of about 75 feet, which can be used as ferries to take them to and from the city and their country homes each day. The advantage of gas boats of this size over steam yachts is that they cost less, are more economical in running, and give more room in the boat.

Several yachts have changed hands recently. Stanley Seaman reports the folowing transfers through his office: Auxillary oat boat Keystone, sold by Ernest M. Bull to Frederick T. Mason of New London; sloop Kangaroo, sold by O. F. Smith to C. W. Wright of Brooklyn; jib and mainsail boat Knave, sold by W. N. Bavier to E. Hope Norton.

Commodore Morton F. Plant of the Larchment Yacht Club last year had the steamer Parthenia built by Herreshoff. This boat was too small for his purposes, and in the spring he talked of having another larger and faster boat built. While in England recently he purchased the steam yacht Venetia of F. W. Sykes of Leith. The

Venetia was designed by Cox & King, and built by Hawthorne & Co. of Leith in 1903. She is 196 feet long, 27.15 feet beam and 15.65 feet depth of hold. She has five bulkheads, is fitted with electric lights and has a registered tonnage of 588.84 gross and 229.57 net. Her engines are of the triple expansion type with cylinders 16.26 and 42 nches in diameter by 27 inches stroke.

The Riverton Yacht Club has elected the following officers: Commodore, William R. Ellison; vice-commodore, E. B. Showell; treasurer, H. J. Mitchell; secretary, T. H. Walnut; measurer, John H. Reese; finance and executive committee, H. J. Mitchell. J. C. S. Davis, C. W. Davis, C. C. Rainhard and H. H. Cooke; regatta committee, H. J. Mitchell, J. H. Reese and H. H. Cooke.

A. J. McIntosh reports these transfers: Auxiliary yawl Granatsa chartered to Col. W. C. Skinner of Hartford; steam yacht Charavi sold by Walter Hauxhurst to E. M. Fulton: steam yacht Augusta sold by J. B. Herreshoff to Robert Murray; motor boat Express sold by Morton F. Plant to George B. Wilson; motor boat Ripple sold by John Hays Hammond to George R. Branson; motor boat Kara sold by Walter R. Herrick to Charles W. Billings; sloop Wabasson sold by William Bell White to Dr. Chalmers Sangree; knockabout Corona sold by John E. Beggs to R. S. Richardson; knockabout Helene sold by F. J. Schussel to E. F. Darrell; sloop Valiant sold by F. Herbert Smith to W. H. Parsons, Jr.; yawl Dream sold by W. Winslow to George Chapman; knockabout Sunshine sold by J. Langdon Schroder to A. H. Morris; motor boat Kismet sold by Frank Waterman to H. G. F. Martin.

SPECULATING ON CUP RACE. Uncertainty as to Rules the Subject of Comment Abroad.

The English yachting papers are very much interested in the plans of Sir Thomas Lipton for another race for the America's Cup and offer lots of advice, not only to Sir Thomas, but to the New York Yacht Club. The Field, commenting on the prospects for a race and the new rule of measurement,

says:
"It has been said that Sir Thomas Lipton is anxious to build another yacht to try to the young man replied. "My father, in his boy-regain the Cup won by the schooner America hood, was caught in a fire, and as the fames she in 1851. The challenge for the trophy must be issued by a yacht club, and we believe that, until a challenge has been actually issued, the New York Yacht Club will not convene a meeting for the purpose of giving a definite reply to the all-important question. under what system will the time allowance in the next series of Cup races be calculated? No doubt this point is one of great moment and one upon which there might be some difference of opinion among experts, and even among the sportsmen who compose the syndicate for the defence of the Cun. the syndicate for the defence of the Cup. If another race takes place, we should like to see it sailed according to the new New York Yacht Club rule, so far as it is compatible with the conditions of the Cup, that is to say, with the deed of gift. On the other hand, we cannot help feeling that the holders of the Cup would have an easier task if they decided to continue to defend the trophy under the conditions which have prevailed during the races between the three Shamrecks and Columbia and Reliance.

"If the future races are to be sailed under the old régime, we do not think there would be much of a chance, at present, of a British yacht regaining the Cup. If, however, the new New York Yacht Club rule is to be employed, a challenging yacht might stand a better chance. Primarily, because designers on both sides of the Atiantic are still in the dark as to the type of yacht which would prove the best under the new rule, and, as a secondary reason, it is possible a heavier displacement yacht would prove better suited to the new rule, and such a craft might accompilish the voyage across the Atlantic and the British trial races with greater success than a skimming dish with immense overhangs. It does not altogether follow, even if the new rule were used, that the best boat would not be of very light displacement, because the actual speed obtained in a semiscow hull might prove of greater value, under the conditions of the race, than the excess of If another race takes place, we should like

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time allowance obtainable by employing greater weight of hull. The position of the challenger just now, therefore, seems to be extremely obscure. The club must challenge in the dark, not knowing the rule under which the time allowance will be calculated.

"On receipt of this challenge, we presume that the New York Yacht Club would immediately convene a meeting of the members interested and decide this point. Then, upon the receipt of their decision, the designer of the challenger would have to begin to think about working out the shape of the challenging boat. Between the date of the actual challenge and the receipt of the New York Yacht Club's decision about the time allowance, the designer of the challenger, we understand, would be entirely in the clouds as to what sort of boat he should try his luck with, and the time intervening would be wasted. Again, we fear that, without a really good trial horse, or even two good trial horses, a challenger can have no fair chance of trying his yacht or training the crew. It is very foolish to enter upon any sailing match with an indifferent crew and an untried vessel, and, in view of this issue, the prospect of a close race for the Cup during 1905 does not seem apparent. The circumstances surrounding the America Cup are, in fact, distinctly in favor of those intrusted with its defence."

An Inheritance of Geetures. From the Baltimers Herald.

A young man, in crossing Chestnut street, stumbled, and immediately put his hand, palm outward, over his eyes.
"Why did you cover your eyes like that?" asked "The gesture is an inheritance from my father."

up into his face he put his left hand, paim out-ward, over his eyes, thus saving his sight. After-ward he would put his hand in that way over his eyes whenever he got any sudden shock or fright have done the same thing involuntarily all my "Cases like mine are not uncommon," centinued

the young man. "There is a woman in Washing-ton who never puts her right hand up to her head. Her mother broke her right arm in early life and couldn't raise it thereafter above her shoulder. The daughter can raise her own right arm, but e never does she never has.
"A blologist had a goat that he kept chained to a pole. The chain galled the goat's left foreleg and she limped on this leg slightly so as to case the chain's rubbing. In time she became a mother,

and her offspring limped on its left foreleg all

Henry Ward Beecher and the Rooster.

That Henry Ward Beecher was spared much One evening, as he was in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a rooster. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and the speaker's friends felt that in a mement the whole effect of the meet-ing, and of Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeals, might be lost. The orator, however, was equal to the eccasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch.
"Morning already!" he said: "my watch is only

at 10. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible." There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animal" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Book was able to resume as if nothing had occurred



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